



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

is even better than a feast. In this last novel, however, the rights of head and heart are delightfully balanced. The characters of Lord Theygne, Lady Sandgate, Bender, and Lord John throw into fine and charming contrast the youthful lovers, Lady Grace and Hugh Crimble, who, in their single-hearted devotion to art, discover each other. The characters are few, but their significance is far-reaching, and the skill with which every man and woman in turn is made to reveal the essential self is most rare. Rightly to appreciate the power and art of Mr. James, his penetration into life and his mastery of presentation, is no small part of one's own intellectual equipment. Happy they, then, who, by true appreciation, can enjoy the freedom of so much excellence.

THE POWER OF TOLERANCE. By GEORGE HARVEY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

It is natural that any woman in opening this collection of addresses, which ranges from 1904 to 1911, should turn her attention first of all to George Harvey's speech before the Woman's University Club of New York on the subject "Have Women Souls?" A man's view of so important a point as this must be the superscription and image of an entire character. The author admits that at a first glance the analogous question might be, Have men? But as a matter of fact, since the beginning of recorded history men, who had the upper hand in making it, took their souls for granted. One author states that the question was uppermost among the early Hebrews, when according to the Elohist account of creation male and female were brought into being equal; according to the Jahovistic account the woman was made out of the rib of the man, and was given him as toy or drudge, solace or spur, as he might choose. "Physiologically," writes Colonel Harvey, "no evidences of the correctness of this theory remain in man, but theologically it is held to be as sound as if a rib were really missing from every masculine frame." The position of woman in Babylonia was much higher than in Israel, where she was originally the property first of parents and then of husband, and was at all times prohibited from religious worship. There is no recognition of women in the decalogue, but, on the contrary, they are mentioned as property in common with oxen and asses. Later on St. Paul threw the whole force of his dominant personality in favor of the subjection of woman. At this point Colonel Harvey gives up the discussion and leaves the matter unsettled. It is a pity that in one more paragraph he did not reassure us by telling us that at the Council of Macon during the sixth century the question was hotly discussed and finally decided by ballot, when a majority of *one* put woman finally in possession of a soul, which she has most actively exercised ever since; she has been saint and martyr and leader in religious reform (witness Susanna Wesley and the Quaker women of the American colonies), and is now the sustaining bulwark of modern ecclesiasticism. Undoubtedly women today have souls, if any one has. The most modern theory, however, now is that no one man or woman has a soul unless he makes it. "The soul doubtless is immortal," sang Browning, "where a soul can be discerned";

and Matthew Arnold contributes his conviction that only he who gains all his battles here "Wins, and that hardly, to immortal life."

The addresses in this volume are largely persuasive, but a few are definitely intended to be purely amusing. Among the first stand the speech on "The Power of Tolerance," "Conserve Common Sense," "Journalism and the University," "The South and the Nation," "The Problem, the Solution and the Man," "The Inherent Right"; and among the latter are the "City Titanic" and "Have Women Souls?" "Esau," the charming little sketch, written with touching tenderness and penetrating pathos, stands by itself—an obituary to a dog, written, perhaps, to please and console a child.

The most permanent contributions which this book makes to lasting interest are the autobiographical detail and Colonel Harvey's theories of journalism. By the very nature of the book many of the addresses touched evanescent subjects, yet it is surprising to see how deftly even in these general comment is introduced; how clearly a philosophy of life emerges. In the address to the Press Association of Vermont, Colonel Harvey recounts his experiences as a young journalist from the time when, at the age of ten, he increased the family's laundry necessities by investing in a two-dollar printing press, when he made his first visit to the wonderful printing establishment in Danville of N. H. Eaton, where he first watched a marvelously deft transmission of mind into matter; through his industrious production of an edition of five copies of the *Peacham Democrat*; the time when he received five cents an item for work on the *Caledonian*; his experience with the *St. Johnsbury Republican*; to the definite beginning of his career with the *Springfield Republican* at six dollars a week. The work with the *St. Johnsbury Republican*, undertaken between school terms, is too delightfully told not to repeat:

"I was fifteen years old, and the man who owned the paper lived in Bradford. He paid me three dollars a week, and could not have induced me to play or sleep if he had tried. Moreover, he did not try. He had a girl in Bradford, and for some reason, inscrutable to me at the time, he preferred her companionship to mine. . . . It was a joyous summer. I possessed absolute authority and was free from interference of any kind. My staff was so ill-fed that it had not the strength to be disloyal. I was the staff. The editor, who was also the reporter, was an enthusiastic young person, for whose demonstrated energy at that time, somewhat vitiated since, I still entertain a profound respect. I was that editor and that reporter. Type-setting machines were unknown then, but the office contained a light and airy composing-room, which was occupied by a thoroughly capable force. I was that force. It was a non-union office. I was the non-union. The press-room was the best in the building; so was the press. The power which moved the machine was more earnest than electrical, but it was sufficiently effective to meet the requirements. I was the motor."

Surely this story of a boy's beginnings, this progress by sheer energy and will power from the *St. Johnsbury Republican* to the head of the entire Harpers' establishment, publishing five periodicals and hundreds of works a year, is a typically American story. And it is as an American, as well as a journalist, that George Harvey is worth studying. Profoundly

grounded in his country's history and in that minute knowledge of Hebrew history and literature which was the foundation of American character, Colonel Harvey loves his land, its types, its problems, its difficulties, and its triumphs. He has the quality which he praises in the first essay of this book, the "power of tolerance"; and it is no section of the country that he loves and looks at, but the South and the West, and the North and the East, the farm lands of Vermont and the city of New York. Wherever he finds them he stops to admire sturdy integrity, energy, loyalty to an ideal, skill, and practical ability. If he were asked to sum these qualities up in a phrase he would probably call them "the American Spirit"; that spirit which has driven him evidently from little boyhood and still controls him in his policies in the big office in Franklin Square.

One might feel, perhaps, that he granted too much of these ideals to Lord Northcliff in his address of 1907 to the Pilgrims' Society of New York. No great editor ever apparently took a more definite cross-cut to Colonel Harvey's own in his methods than the great commercializer of British journalism. Colonel Harvey has always sacrificed quick gains to good quality. Lord Northcliff sacrificed quality and stability for immediate returns. But doubtless the answer to this apparent contradiction may be given in a phrase very current in the big somber-looking building in which George Harvey is chief, to the effect that whoever is doing his work with such sincerity and ability as he can muster is sure in that place sooner or later to come to rely on that power of tolerance which is the outgrowth of a far vision, a wide experience, and a deep faith.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.